Cooper's Clarksburg Register.

WILLIAM P. COOPER,] "WE STAND UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF IMMUTABLE JUSTICE, AND NO HUMAN POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION."—*Jackson.* [EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

VOL. I.---NO 11. CLARKSBURG, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21th, 1852. WHOLE NO. 11.

TERMS.

Cooper's Clarksburg *Rgister*, is published at Clarksburg Va., every *Wednesday* morning at $2,00 per annum in advance, or at the expiration of SIX MONTHS from the time of subscribing; after the termination of six months $2,50 will invariably be charged. No subscription received for less than six months. No paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the proprietor, until all arrearages are paid up; and those who do not order their paper to be discoutinued at the end of their term of subscription, will be considered as desiring to have it continued.

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THRILLING SKETCH; Escape from a Mexican Quicksand.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

A few days after, another adventure befel me, and I began to think that I was destined to become a hero among the mountain men.

A small party of traders—myself among the number, pushed forward ahead of the caravan. Our object was to arrive at Santa Fe a day or two before the wagons, in order to have everything arranged with the Governor for their entrance into the capital. We took the route by the Cimmaron.

Our road for a hundred miles or so, lay through a barren desert, without game, and almost without water. The Buffalo had already disappeared, and the deer was equally scarce. We had to content ourselves with dried meat, which we had brought from the settlements. We were in the desert of the Artemisia. Now and then we could see a stray antelope bounding away before us, but keeping far out of range. They too, seemed to be unusually shy.

On the third day after leaving the caravan as we were riding near the Cimmaron I thought I observed a pronged head disappear behind a swell in the prairie.—My companions were skeptical and would none of them go with me, so wheeling out of the train I started alone. One of the men—for Gode was behind—kept charge of my dog, as I did not choose to take him with me, lest he might alarm the antelopes.

My horse was fresh and willing, and whether successful or not, I knew that I could easily overtake my party by camping time.

I struck directly towards the spot where I had seen the object. It appeared to be only half a mile from the trail. It proved more distant—a common illusion in the crystal atmosphere in those regions.

A curiously formed ride—a *couteau des prairies*, on a small scale—traversed the plain from east to west. A thicket of cactus covered part of the summit. Towards the thicket I directed myself.

I dismounted at the bottom of the slope and leading my horse silently up among the cacti-plants, tied him to one of their branches. I then crept cautiously through the thorny leaves, to where I fancied I seen the game. To my joy, not one antelope, but a brace of those beautiful animals was quietly grazing beyond; but, alas! too far off for the carry of my rifle. They were fully three hundred yards distant, upon a smooth glassy slope. There was not even a sage bush to cover me, should I attempt to approach them. What was to be done?

I lay for several minutes, thinking over the different tricks known in hunter craft for taking the antelope. Should I imitate their call? Should I hoist my handkerchief and try to lure them? I saw that they were too shy; for at short intervals they threw up their graceful heads and looked inquiringly around them. I remembered the red blanket on my saddle. I could display this upon the cactus bushes—perhaps it would attract them.

I had no alternative; and was turning to go back for the blanket; when all at once my eye rested upon a clay-colored line running across the prairie beyond where the animals were feeding. It was a break in the surface of the plain—a buffalo road, on the channel of an *arroyo*, in either case, the very cover I wanted, for the animals were not a hundred yards from it, and were getting still nearer to it as they fed.

Creeping back out of the thicket, I ran along the side of the slope towards a point where I noticed that the ridge was depressed to the prairie level. Here to my surprise, I found myself on the banks of a broad arroyo, whose water clear and shallow, ran slowly over a bed of sand and gypsum.

The banks were low, not over three feet above the surface of the water, except where the ridge impigned upon the stream. Here there was a high bluff, and hurrying around its base, I entered the channel, and commenced wading upward.

As I anticipated, I soon came to a bend of the stream, after running parallell to the ridge, swept around and *canoned* through it. At this place I stopped, and looked cautiously over the bank. The antelopes had approached within less than rifle range of the arroyo; but they were yet far above my position. They were still feeding quiet and unconscious of danger. I again bent down and waded on.

It was a difficult task proceeding this way. The bed of the creek was soft and yielding, and I was compelled to tread slowly and silently, lest I should disturb the game; but I was cheered in my exertions by the prospect of having fresh venison for my supper.

After a weary drag of several hundred yards, I came opposite a small clump of wormwood bushes, growing out of the bank. "I may be far enough," thought I, "these will serve for cover."

I raised my body gradually, until I could see through the leaves. I was in the right spot.

I brought my rifle to a level; sighted for the heart of the buck and fired. The antelope leaped from the ground and fell back lifeless.

I was about to rush forward and secure my prize, when I observed the doe—instead of running off as I had expected—go up to her fallen partner, and press her tapering nose to his body.

She was not more than twenty yards from me, and I could plainly see that her look was one of inquiry and bewilderment. All at once she seemed to comprehend the fatal truth; and threw back her head, commenced uttering the most piteous cries—at the same time running in circles around the body.

I stood wavering between two minds. My first impulse had been to reload and kill the doe; but her plaintive voice entered my heart; disarming me of all my hostile intentions. Had I dreamed of witnessing this painful spectacle, I should not have left the trail; but the mischief was now done.

"I have worse than killed her," thought I, "it will be much better to dispatch her at once."

Actuated by these principles of a common, but to her fatal humanity, I rested the butt of my rifle and reloaded. With a faltering hand, I again levelled the piece and fired.

My nerves were steady enough to do the work. When the smoke floated aside, I could see the little creature bleeding on the grass, her head resting against the body of her murdered mate.

I shouldered my rifle, and was about to move forward, when to my astonishment, I found that I was caught by the feet! I was held firmly, as if my legs had been screwed in a vice.

I made an effort to extricate myself—another more violent and equally unsuccessful—and with a third, I lost my balance and fell back upon the water.

Half suffocated, I regained my upright position; but only to discover that I was as fast as ever.

Again I struggled to free my limbs.—I could neither move backward or forward—to the right or to the left; and I became sensible that I was gradually going down. Then the fearful truth flashed upon me—*I was sinking in the quicksand!*

A feeling of horror came over me. I renewed my efforts with the energy of desperation. I leaned to one side and then to the other, almost wrenching my knees from their sockets. My feet remained as fast as ever, I could not move them an inch.

The soft clingy sand already overtopped my horse skinned boots, wedging them around my ancles, so that I was still sinking slowly but surely, as though some subterranean monster was leisurely drawing me down. The very thought caused me a fresh thrill of horror, and I called aloud for help. To whom?

There was no one within miles of me—no living thing. Yes, the neigh of my horse answered me from the hill mocking my despair.

I bent forward as well as my constrained position would permit, and with frenzied fingers commenced tearing up the sand. I could barely reach the surface, and the little hollow I was able to make filled up almost as soon as it had been formed.

A thought occurred to me. My rifle might support me placed horizontally. I looked around for it. It was not to be seen. It had sunk in the sand.

Could I throw my body flat and prevent myself from sinking deeper! No. The water was two feet in depth. I should drown at once.

This last hope left me as soon as formed. I could think of no plan to save myself. I could make no further effort. A strange stupor seized upon me. My very thoughts become paralyzed. I knew I was going mad. For a moment *I was mad!*

After an interval my senses returned. I made an effort to rouse my mind from its paralysis, in order that I might meet death—which I now believed to be certain—as man should.

I stood erect. My eyes had sunk to the prairie level, and rested upon the still bleeding victims of my cruelty. My heart smote me at the sight. Was I suffering the retribution of God?

With humble and penitent thoughts,—I turned my face to heaven, almost dreading that some sign of omnipotent anger would scowl upon me from above. But no. The sun was shining as bright as ever, and the blue canopy of the world was without a cloud.

I gazed upward and prayed with an earnestness known only to the hearts of men in positions of peril like mine.

As I continued to look up, an object attracted my attention. Against the sky I distinguished the outlines of a large dark bird. I knew it to be the obscene bird of the plains—the buzzard vulture.—Whence had it come? Who knows?—Far beyond the reach of human eye it had seen or scented the slaughtered antelopes; and, on broad, silent wing, was now descending to the feast of death.

Presently another, and another, and many others, molted the blue field of the heavens, curving and wheeling silently earthward. Then the foremost swooped down upon the bank; and after gazing around for a moment, flipped off towards its prey.

In a few seconds the prairie was black with filthy birds, who clambered over the dead antelopes, and bent their wings against each other, while they tore out the eyes of the quarry, with their fœtid beaks.

And now came guant wolves, sneaking and hungry, stealing out of the cactus thicket, and leaping coward-like over the green swels of the prairie. These, after a battle, drove away the vultures and tore up the prey, all the while growling and snapping vengefully at each other.

"Thank heaven! I shall at least be saved from this!"

I was soon relieved from the sight.—My eyes had sunk below the level of the bank. I had looked my last on this fair green earth. I could only now see the clayed walls that contained the river, and the water ran unheeded past me.

Once more I fixed my face upon the sky, and with a prayerful heart endeavored to resign myself to my fate.

In spite of my endeavors to be calm, the memories of earthly pleasures and friends and home came over me, causing me at intervals to break into wild paroxysms and make fresh and fruitless struggle.

Again I was attracted by the neighing of my horse. A thought entered my mind, filling me with fresh hopes. 'Perhaps my horse.' I lost not a moment.—I raised my voice to the highest pitch and called the animal by name.

I knew that he would come at my call. I had tied him but slightly. The cactus limb would snap off, I called again, repeating words that were well-known to him. I listened with a bounding heart. For a moment there was silence. Then I heard the quick sounds of his hoofs, as though the animal was rearing and struggling to free himself. Then I could distinguish the stroke of his heel in a measured and regular gallop. Nearer came the sounds—nearer and clearer, until the gallant beast bounded out on the bank above me. There he halted, and flinging back, his tossed mane uttered a shrill neigh. He was bewildered, and looking upon every side snorting loudly.

I knew that having once seen me, he would not stop until he had pressed his nose against my cheek, for this was his usual custom. Holding out my hands, I again uttered the magic words.

Now looking downward, he perceived me, and stretching himself, sprung out into the channel. The next moment I held him by the bridle. There was no time to be lost. I was still going down, and my arm pits were fast nearing the surface of the quicksand. I caught the lariat, and passing it under the saddle girths, fastened in a tight, firm knot, I then looped the trailing end, making it secure around my body. I had left enough of the rope, between the bit rings and the girths to enable me to check and guide the animal in case the drag upon my body should be too painful.

My arrangements were at last completed, and with a feeling of terrible anxiety I gave my horse the signal to move forward. Instead of going off with a start, the intelligent animal stepped away slowly as though he understood my situation. The lariat tightened—I felt my body moving, and the next moment experienced a wild delight—a feeling I cannot describe—as I found myself dragged out of the sand!

I sprang to my feet with a shout of joy, rushed up to my steed, and throwing my arms around his neck, kissed him with as much delight as I would have kissed a beautiful girl. He answered my embrace with a low whisper that told me that he understood me.

I looked for my rifle. Fortunately it had not sunk deeply, and I soon found it. My boots were behind me, but I staid not to look for them—being smitten with a wholesome dread of the place where I had left them.

I was not long in retreating from the arroyo; and mounting, I galloped back to the trail.

It was sundown before *I* reached the camp, where *I* was met by the enquiries of my wondering companions:

"Did you come across the goats?"—"Where's your boots?" "Whether have you been fishing or hunting?"

I answered all these questions by relating my adventures; and for that night, was the hero of the camp-fire.

ORIGIN OF SCALPING.—A correspondent of the New York Saturday Times, asked some time ago: "Was scalping known in early times, or is it an aboriginal practice, confined, to the Indians on this continet?" To which the editor replied:—In Psalms lxviii, v. 21, you will find the following:—"But God shall wound the head of his enemies, and the hairy scalp of such an one as goeth on still in his trespasses." Scalping was therefore practiced in the early ages, and the Indians being descendants, of the lost tribes of Israel, a position, which Major Noah has taken and fortified with much strong argument.

A FINE EAR FOR MUSIC.—Two Irishmen in crossing a field not a hundred miles from this place, came in contact with a jack, who was making "daylight hideons" with his unearthly braying. Jemmy stood a moment in astonishment, but turning to Pat, who seemed as much enraptured with the song as himself, remarked, "It's a fine large ear that bird has for music, Pat, but sure he's got a wonderful cowld."

☞ One hundred cats were part of the cargo of a vessel which sailed from Boston, last week for California.

☞ Counterfeit $20 gold pieces have made their appearance in Cincinnati.—They are well executed and bear a faithful resemblance to the genuine. In weight they lack.

☞ When you are teased to buy of a pedlar, just ask him to trust you for a year—that is the way to talk to him.

STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

O, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bomb's bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there!
O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave!
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses;
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner! O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country shall leave us no more,
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

THE GOLD SOVEREIGN.

BY PAUL CHEYTON.

The story of the gold sovereign related to me by Judge *N*——, a gentleman of wealth and influence, in Western New York, is well worth repeating—not for artificial interest which it does not contain, but for the admirable lesson it conveys to young persons commencing life.

I regret that I am unable to re-produce the spirit and humor, with which the inimitable Judge graced his simple story; but I will do my best to remember his own words.

"When I was only eight years old," sai Judge N——, 'my father and my mother being poor, with half a dozen children better than myself, to take care of, I was given to a farmer, in the town of F—, who designed making a ploughboy of me and keeping me in his service until I was of age.

'Well, I had not a very gay time, in Deacon Webb's service; for although he was an honest deacon, and a tolerably kind man in his family, he believed in making boys work, and understood how to avoid spoiling them by indulgence.

'So I had plenty of work to do, and an abundant lack of indulgence to enjoy. It was consequently a great treat for me to get the enormous sum of one or two pennies into my possession, by any sort of good fortune—a circumstance of such rare occurrence, that at the age of eleven, I had learned to regard money as a blessing bestowed by Providence only on a favored few.

'Well, I had lived with deacon Webb three years, before I knew the color of any coin except vile copper. By an accident, I learned the color of gold. That is the story I am going to tell you.

'One Saturday night Mr. Webb sent me to the village store, on some errand; and on returning home, just about dusk, my attention was attracted by a little brown package lying on the roadside.

'I picked it up to examine its contents, without the least suspicion of the treasure within. Indeed, it was so light, and the volume of brown paper appeared so large, that I undoubtedly suspected that I was the victim of an April fool; although it was the month of June. I tore open the folds of the paper, however; and discerning nothing, I was on the point of throwing it into the ditch, when something dropped out of it, and fell with a ringing sound upon a stone.

'I looked at it in astonishment. It was yellow—round—glittering—too bright & too small for a penny. I felt it—I squeezed it in my fingers—I spelled out the inscriptions—then something whispered me that it was a gold coin of incalculable value and that if I did not wish to loose it, I had better pocket it as soon as possible.

'Trembling with excitement, I put the coin in my pocket. But it would not stay there. Every two minutes, I had to take it out and look at it. But, whenever I met somebody, I was careful to put it out of sight. Somehow, I felt a guilty dread of finding an owner to the coin. Provided I found none, I thought it was honestly mine, by right of discovery; and I comforted myself with the sophistry, that it was not my business to go about the streets, crying, 'Who's lost?'

'I went home with the gold in my pocket. I would not have had the deacon's folk's know what I had found, for the world. I was sorely troubled with the fear of losing my vast and incalculable treasure!—This was not all. It seemed to me that my face betrayed my secret. I could not look at anybody, with an honest eye.

'These troubles kept me awake half the night, and projects for securing my treasure, by a safe investment, the other half. On the following morning I was feverish and nervous. When Deacon Webb, at the breakfast table, said—

'William!'

'I started and trembled, thinking the next words would be—

'Where is that piece of gold you have found, and wickedly concealed, to keep it from the rightful owner?

But he only said—

'I want you to go to Mr. Baldwin's this morning, and ask him if he can come and work for me to-day and to-morrow.

'I felt immensely relieved! I left the house, and got out of sight as soon as possible. Then once more I took the coin out of my pocket, and feasted on its beauties. Yet I was unhappy. Consciousness of wrong troubled me, and I almost wished I had not found the sovereign. Would I not be called a thief, if discovered? I asked myself. Was it not as wrong to conceal what I had found, as to take the same amount originally from the owner's pocket? Was not he defrauded the same?

'But then I said to myself—

'Why, if I don't know who the loser is, how can I give him his money? It is only because I am afraid Deacon Webb will take it away from me, that I conceal it; that's all. I would not STEAL gold; and, if the loser should ask me for it, I would give it to him. I apologized thus to myself all the way to Mr. Baldwin's house. But, after all, it wouldn't do.—The gold was like a heavy stone, bound to my heart. It was a sort of unhappy charm, which gave an evil spirit power to torment me. And I could not help thinking that I was not half so well pleased with my immens riches, as I had been with a rusty copper, which I had found some weeks before. Nobody claimed the penny, although I kept my good fortune no secret; and I had been happy as a king is generally supposed to be!

'Mr. Baldwin was not at home; and I returned to the deacon's house. I saw Mr. Wardley's horse standing at the gate, and I was terribly frightened. Mr. Wardley was a constable; and I knew he had come to take me to jail. So I hid in the garden until he went away. By that time reason began to prevail over cowardice, and I made my appearance at the house. The deacon looked angrily at me.

'Now, thought I, feeling faint, he's going to accuse me of finding the gold.

'But he only scolded me for being so long about my errand. I never received a reprimand so willingly. His severe words sounded sweet—I had expected something so much more terrible.

'I worked all day with the gold in my pocket. I wonder deacon Webb did not suspect something, I stopped so often to see if the gold was really there—for much as the possession of it troubled me, the fear of losing it troubled me scarcely less. I was miserable, I wished a hundred times I had not found the gold. I felt that it would be a relief to lay it down on the roadside—again I wrapped it in brown paper, just as I had found it. I wondered if ill-got wealth made everybody so miserable.

'At night I was sent again to Mr. Baldwin's, and having found him, obtained his promise to work at Mr. Webb's on the following day.

'It was dark when I went home, and I was afraid of robbers. I never felt so cowardly in my life. It seemed to me that anybody could rob me with a clear conscience—because my treasure was not mine. I got home, and went trembling to bed.

'Mr. Baldwin came early to breakfast with us. I should tell you something about him. He was an honest poor man, who supported a large family, by hard work. Everybody liked him, he was so industrious and faithful; and beside making good wages for his labor, he often got presents of meal and flour from those who employed him.

'Well, at the breakfast table after Deacon Webb had asked the blessing, and given Baldwin a piece of pork, so that he might eat and get to work as soon as possible, something was said about the 'news.'

'I suppose you have heard of my misfortune,' said Mr. Baldwin.

'Your misfortune?'

'Yes!'

'Why, what has happened to you?' asked the deacon.

'I thought everybody had heard it,' replied Baldwin. 'You see, the other night, when Mr. Woodly paid me, he gave me a gold piece.'

'I started and felt the blood forsake my cheeks. All eyes were fixed upon Baldwin, however, so my trouble was not observed.

'A sovereign,' said Baldwin. 'The first one I ever had in my life; and it seemed to me that if I should put it in my pocket, like a cent or a half dollar, I should lose it. So, like a goose, I wrapped it in a piece of paper, and stowed it in my coat pocket, where I thought it was safe. I never did a more foolish thing. I must have lost the coin, taking out my handkerchief; and the paper would prevent its making any noise as it fell. I discovered my loss when I got home, and went back to look for it; but somebody must have picked it up.'

'Who could be so dishonest as to keep it?' asked the deacon.

'I felt like sinking through the floor.

'I don't know,' replied the poor man, shaking his head. 'He's welcome to it, whoever he is; and hope his conscience won't trouble him more than the money is worth; though heaven knows I want my honest earnings.'

'This was too much for me. The allusion to my conscience brought the gold out of my pocket. I resolved to make a clean breast of it, and be honest, in spite of poverty and shame. So I held the gold in my trembling hand and said: 'Is THIS yours, Mr. Baldwin?'

'My voice was so faint that he did not hear me. So I repeated my question, in a more courageous tone. All eyes were turned upon me in astonishment; and the deacon demanded where and when I found the gold.

'I burst into tears, and confessed everything. I expected the deacon would whip me to death. But he patted me on the head, and said more kindly than was his wont—

'Don't cry about it, William. You are an honest boy, if you did come near falling into temptation. Always be honest, my son; and if you do not grow rich, you will always be happy, with a clear conscience.

'But I cried still for joy! I laughed, too, the deacon had so touched my heart. Of what a load, then, was I relieved!—I felt then that honesty was the best policy.

'As for Baldwin, he declared that I should have half the money, for finding it; but I wished to keep clear of the troublesome stuff, for a time, and I did—I would not touch his offer; and I never regretted it, boy as I was.

'Well, I was the deacon's favorite after this. He was very kind to me and trusted me in every thing. I was careful not to deceive him; I preserved the strictest candor and good faith; and that has made me what I am. When he died, he willed me five hundred dollars, with which I came here, and bought new lands which are worth a great many sovereigns.—But this has nothing to do with my story. That is told; and all I have to add is, I have never regretted clearing my conscience of poor Job Baldwin's sovereign.'

An Ambitious Priest, Children, &c.

We find in a Constantinople correspondent of the New York Tribune, some remarks upon the life of the higher class in Turkey, which, although not altogether new, will be found interesting. The description is so graphic as to print deep in the memory.

'I went, some time ago, to visit the very old and venerable *Mufti*, (a sort of Mahomedon bishop,) who enjoys the public esteem and respect. I found him, indeed, a fine and pleasing old man, rather bent down from age, but smiling benevolently, and talking affably to all; his fine transparent blue eyes, his white flowing beard, his large snow white turban, his scarlet robe, all were imposing, and I felt quite inclined to like the old gentleman, who had no superstition in his religion, and acknowledged with perfect simplicity and good temper that he did not follow the rigid prescriptions of the Ramazan, (Mahomedon Lent,) but deemed it as well to give a little money to the poor, and to eat whatever his exhausted nature required. When I first entered his drawing room I saw a little girl of about six or seven years, standing by his side and leaning upon him in a very familiar way. I thought at first it was his grand daughter, but knowing the habits of my Eastern hosts, I said, as candidly as I could:

'Is that your daughter, sir?'

'Yes, it is,' he replied, 'and this boy, (pointing to a baby just entering the room,) is my son, and I have still a younger one.'

'Ah!' said I, 'I am sure you have many.'

'Many!' interrupted the the old man, shaking with laughter; so many that I don't know the number.'

'Then one of his followers, a sort of body guard, took up the thread of the conversation, adding with a hearty laugh:

'Oh! he has children everywhere; here at Stamboul, at Bagdad, at Damascus, at Aleppo, in every town and village of Asia Minor and Cham. Sometimes they come to see him, or send him a greeting, but if they don't inform him they are of his own blood, it is impossible for him to know it—they are so many.'

'But so many children must have many mothers.'

'Oh dear, yes,' answered the old saint, 'very many. Let me see—Hassan help me out;' and the two began to look at the ceiling, as one does when immersed in abstracted and complicated calculations; 'five, six, eight; yes, I think I had eight wives.'

'All at once?' I exclaimed.

'No, only six: the other two died before I took the two last. But all my children don't come from my eight wives.—God blessed my house, and each one who entered it, added at least one to the list of my children.'

'Though accustomed to Turkish ways, I felt rather astonished at this saint, this light of the Church, this pillar of the faith. I went on, however, inquiring after the present state of his family.

'At this moment,' said he, 'I have only one wife left, and she is rather old.'

'How old?'

'Thirty, perhaps, or thirty-five.'

'(The old man was eighty or ninety.)

'Is she handsome?'

'She was, but it is gone.'

'Do you think of taking another?'

'I dare say I shall. What can *I* do? My last boy is two years old.'

'I had an opportunity next day of seeing the wife of the Mufti, the old wife of thirty of the young husband of eighty.—She was really a splendid Asiatic; too round, too fat, too heavy, and too much painted for our notion of female elegance and beauty, but such as she was, she seemed much too loved for her lord.—But to return to the Pachas and other Mussulmen Richelieus and Lovelaces.—Every one of them must have one child a year at least, and this seems to be the sole affection with which they are endowed. Friendship, companionship, are unknown things for the followers of the Prophet. Where their interest or their pleasure calls them they go, but they know nothing of the heartfelt satisfaction of living beside one person, woman or man, who possesses our confidence, and shares in our joys as well as in our sorrows. In his fellow beings each Mussulman looks for himself; he understands sensations, but is perfectly unaware of the existence of sentiment.

RATTLESNAKES.

The rattlesnake derives its name from an instrument attached to its tail, consisting of a series of hollow scaly pieces, which, when shaken, make a rattling or rustling noise. The number of these pieces or rattles are said to correspond with the number of years which the animal has attained, and some travellers assert that they have been discovered with thirty rattles, though thirteen is a more common number. *It* is one of the most venomous of serpents, and yet one that we cannot but respect, since it habitually makes the most honorable use of the singular appendage with which it is gifted. *It* never strikes a foe without first warning him of his danger.

In form it is somewhat corpulent, has a flat heart shaped head, and is supplied with fangs, varying from half an inch to an inch in length, which lie hidden horizontally in the flesh of the upper jaw, and are capable of being thrown out like the blade of a knife. The venom emitted by it is so deadly that it has been known to cause the death of a human being in a very few hours, and to destroy a dog or cat in less than twenty minutes, and yet we have met with some half a dozen individuals in our travels who have been bitten by the rattlesnake without being seriously injured. Horses and cattle are known to become exceedingly terrified at his appearance, and generally speaking, when bitten, die in a short time; and yet we once saw a horse, which was only troubled in consequence of its bite by a disease resembling the scurvy. The hair dropped from the skin of the quadruped, and he looked horrible, if he did not feel so. As to the effect of this poison upon hogs, it has frequently been proven to be perfectly harmless, and we know it to be the custom in certain portions of the country for farmers to employ their swine for the express purpose of destroying the rattlesnake infesting the land. The effect of the rattlesnake bite upon itself is said to be generally fatal.

In regard to the antidote of this poison we are acquainted with only one, which is the plant commonly called the rattlesnake weed. Both the leaf and the root are employed, and applied internally as well as externally. This plant grows to the height of six or eight inches, has one stalk, and a leaf resembling in shape the head of the rattlesnake, and is almost invariably found in those sections of the country where the reptile abounds.

The courage of the rattlesnake is by no means remarkable, and it is but seldom that they will dispute the right of way with a man who is not afraid of them.—They are sluggish in their movements, and accomplish the most of their travelling during the nocturnal hours. They feed upon almost every variety of living creature which they can overpower. They are not partial to water, but when compelled to cross a river or lake, they perform the feat in a most beautiful manner, holding their heads about one foot from the surface, and gliding along at a rapid rate. They are affectionate creatures, and it is alledged that when their offspring are very young, and they are disturbed by the presence of man, the mothers swallow their little ones until the danger is past, and then disgorge them alive and writhing. Another of their peculiarities consists in the fact that they may be entirely disarmed by brandishing over their heads the leaves of the white ash, which are so obnoxious to their nervous system as to produce the most painful contortions of the body. When travelling at night in search of food, or for purposes of recreation as it may be, they have a fashion of visiting the encampment of hunters, and it has been ascertained that the only way of keeping them at a respectful distance is to encircle the camp with a rope over which they are afraid to crawl;—and it has frequently happened to hunters, in a snake country, that on awaking after a night of repose they have discovered on the outside of their magic, circles as many as a dozen of the charming creatures, carefully coiled up, and sound asleep. It is also related of this snake that it has the power of throwing off or suppressing a disagreeable effluvium, which is quite sickening to those who come within its range.

TURKEYS.—A good sized turkey should be roasted two hours and a half, or three hours—very slowly at first. When you wish to make plain stuffing, pound a cracker, or crumble some bread very fine, chop some raw salt pork very fine, sift some sage, and summer-savory, or sweet majoram, if you have them in the house, and fancy them, and mould them together seasoned with a little pepper. An egg worked in, makes the stuffing eat better. A turkey for *boiling* should be prepared in the same manner as one for roasting.—When you wish to have it look white, tie it up in a cloth, unless you boil rice in the pot. When rice is used, put in two-thirds of a teacup. The most approved fashion is to send boiled turkey to the table with oysters in their sauce in a small tureen.

☞ A boy was sent to inquire how an old lady named Wilkins, was, in health, asked her servant, "Please marm, missus wants to know how old Mrs. Wilkins is to-day," to which the latter replied, "she is just seventy-four to-day."